THE

Good *STEWARDS*:

OR,

The REWARDS of

BENEVOLENCE.

Humbly Presented to the Right Honourable

PETER Lord *KING*, Lord HIGH-CHANCELLOR of *Great-Britain*.

His Lord said unto him, well done, thou good and faithful Servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Matt. xxv. ver. 21.

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Chriſtian Benevolence, &c.

SUCH is the Courſe of Providence below,
And ſuch Mutations, in this World we know;
That few of the vaſt numbers of Mankind,
Enjoy the Bleſſings, to the Rich aſſign'd:
But numberleſs are thoſe who daily ſhare,
In Sickneſs, Troubles, Indigence, and Care;
Rewards and Puniſhments, to Good, or Bad,
By Rules of Juſtice, are not always made;
The Wicked Proſpers, the Religious Man,
Too often Shares the Fate of the Prophane;
Vice fears no Ill, Virtue is no Defence,
And diff'rent Fortunes, ſeem the Work of Chance.
How is it then, that the Almighty LORD,
By whom, the Sinners Actions are abhorr'd,

So partially His Favours does diſpenſe,
And gives to Guilt, Rewards of Innocence?
The Pow'r Supream, is ſtill Good, Juſt, and Wiſe,
Though now, His Ways are hid from mortal Eyes;
His Belov'd SON, will at the laſt GREAT DAY,
The Myſteries of Providence diſplay;
Then the ALMIGHTY, Righteous will appear,
And to His Creatures he Himſelf will clear;
And all the Wicked, then too late ſhall know,
Their dreadful Ruin, to themſelves they owe;
That it was in their Pow'r, whilſt here on Earth,
To have prevented everlaſting Death:
'Till then, theſe Changes we on Earth ſhall ſee,
Many ſhall Suffer, and few Happy be:
But that the ſuff'ring World might not Deſpair,
And patiently their various Croſſes bear;
The LORD of the Creation does Ordain,
The Wealthy, Great, and all who thrive by Gain,
The Stewards of His Stores, Mankind to Bleſs,
And aid their Fellow-Creatures in Diſtreſs;

Freely

Freely to Give, and as their Wants demand,
Deal out their Bounties, with a lib'ral Hand;
For this, to them the Talent Wealth was Giv'n,
To ſhine on Earth, the Almoners of Heav'n:
Of Them, next Heav'n, the Indigent muſt crave,
All that is Needful on this ſide the Grave;
Thoſe whom ſharp Thirſt, and Hunger gripe ſo faſt,
Their Healths decay, their Conſtitutions waſt;
Muſt, to the Houſes of the Rich repair,
And humbly ask, and ſeek for Succour there;
Tell the true Cauſe that brings them to their Gate,
And makes them for Aſſiſtance daily wait;
Their various Misfortunes open lay,
And how they came to Suffer, and Decay;
If Loſſes, Sickneſs, Fire, or Miſchiefs plead,
Their mournful Caſe; none ſhould deny them Bread;
With Pleaſure, they ſuch Objects ſhould Relieve,
And to their Pray'rs, no churliſh Anſwer give;
But Sympathizing in their real Woe,
In kind Refreſhments, the true Chriſtian ſhow;

Allay their Hungar, their parch'd Thirſt abate,
Smile on their Griefs, their Sorrows mitigate;
And as to them, their diff'rent Wants appear,
With Phyſick, Food, or Cloaths, their Needs repair;
Prudently kind, their timely Succour give,
And all fit Objects, chearfully Relieve;
The Injur'd Orphan's Cries, and Widow's Tears,
When plac'd before our Eyes, or reach our Ears;
Should raiſe Compaſſion in a Chriſtian's Breaſt,
And be in kind Benevolence expreſs'd:
Tho' Strangers to their Caſe, we ſhould believe,
If with falſe Tales, our Pity they deceive;
Our Goodneſs is the ſame, and we ſhall prove,
Such Charities, will meet Rewards above:
Nor muſt thoſe Periſh, by their Crimes Diſtreſs'd,
But if by Hunger, or keen Thirſt oppreſs'd;
They with their Bounties good Advice ſhould give,
Reprove their Vices, and their Wants relieve;
For ſuch ſad Objects, driven to Deſpair,
For want of Food, bold Robbers may appear:

When

When Famine, Peſtilence, fierce War, or Fire,
Make Millions Poor, and Charity deſire;
The Wealthy then, ſhould to their utmoſt give,
That all the many Suff'rer's may receive
Some part of their large Bounties, and confeſs,
They ſav'd them from Deſpair, in deep Diſtreſs:
And in hard Times, when Trade too faſt decays,
And Indigence, upon the Publick preys;
All thoſe who ſtrive by honeſt Arts to Live,
Encouragement, ſhould from the Rich receive;
Who wanting Friends, tho' for Employments fit,
To raiſe Subſiſtance, to low Ways ſubmit.

The many Bleſſings Charity diſplays,
The Wants of All ſupply, in various ways;
Nor is ſhe only to the Body kind,
The Soul does her aſſiſting Favours find;
Our precious, beſt, and never-dying Part,
She ſtrives to ſave, with utmoſt Pains, and Art;
For that, ſhe calls Religion to her Aid,
That both may be for ever Happy made;

For that, with Piety ſhe Knowledge joyns,
And ev'ry Chriſtian Virtue, ſhe refines;
She makes them grow, and flouriſhing appear,
And they would Die, without her conſtant Care;
Tho' ev'ry Duty elſe, in Laws Divine,
Adorn our Actions, and in practice ſhine;
If Charity, the chiefeſt, we neglect,
In vain we endleſs Happineſs expect;
Charity is the Root of all the reſt,
And without that, we never ſhall be Bleſs'd:
The Sacred Writing read, there you will find,
This Duty ſtrongly preſs'd upon Mankind;
Trace all the Beauties of this Virtue there,
In Him, who perfect Goodneſs did appear;
The brighteſt Pattern, that the World e'er knew,
Of Charity, in your REDEEMER view;
His Doctrine, Miracles, and Suff'rings prove,
His Life, one Act of Charity, and Love;
His conſtant Practice, and Commands, declare
That ev'ry Chriſtian, that known Badge ſhall wear.

The Pious, in all Ages, Proof have giv'n,
They in this Duty, place their Hopes of Heav'n;
Tho' ev'ry other Virtue they poſſeſt,
They judg'd without it, they could not be Bleſt;
Therefore their needful Hoſpitals they rear'd,
And for the Aged, Food and Reſt prepar'd;
And Nurſeries for uſeful Learning rais'd,
In Halls and Colleges, for-ever Prais'd;
And of late Years, the Wealthy from their Store,
To raiſe the Children of the needy Poor,
Have Schools Erected, Knowledge to refine,
And Train them, 'till they Men of Merit ſhine;
Thoſe noble Benefactors to Mankind
In Realms of Bliſs, a bright Reward ſhall find;
Their Charitable Acts, ſhall make them known,
Their Names, ſhall ever flouriſh with Renown;
You who the valu'd Talent Wealth poſſeſs,
Daily in Charitable Deeds Expreſs,
You uſe it, as the Donor it Deſign'd,
For Publick Good, a Bleſſing to Mankind;

All you can ſpare, take from your flowing Store,
And various Ways, help the Diſtreſt, and Poor;
Let no falſe Pleas, no tempting Baits prevail,
To make your Charitable Actions fail:
In Health, your Bounties Lib'rally beſtow,
And ſee the Fruits of your own Goodneſs grow;
For thoſe who Give, what long they cannot keep,
From ſuch Donations, no Advantage reap:
They vainly wiſh, when Life is almoſt done,
They had, by Charitable Deeds been known.

Thoſe who have ſhone, the Patrons of the Poor,
And thoſe, who uſeleſs made their Wealthy Store;
When they are Summon'd to reſign their Breath,
Shall find a wide and diff'rent Change, in Death:
But when the World ſhall ſink in dreadful Fire,
Eternity Begin, and Time Expire;
When the laſt Trump' ſhall Wake the ſleeping Dead,
To be for ever Bleſt, or Wretched made;
When the ALMIGHTY's SON, our SAVIOUR, ſhall
Triumphant come, the Righteous Judge of All;

Then

Then Charity, diſdain'd, by wicked Men,
Of Chriſtian Virtues, ſhall appear the Queen.
The Sheep and Goats, then plac'd on either Hand,
The Glorious Judge, ſhall make this juſt Demand;
You, who on Earth, did with hard Hearts deny,
To eaſe my Sorrows, and my Wants ſupply;
When Hung'ry, Thirſty, Naked, and Diſtreſt,
Stranger, and Sickly, Pris'nor, and Oppreſt;
Refus'd me Comfort, Succour, and Relief,
Whoſe cruel Treatment, greater made my Grief;
Baniſh'd from Heav'n, take what your Merits give,
Plung'd deep in Hell, with Devils ever live:
The trembling Wretches, ſtruck with their dire Doom,
In hopes of Mercy, thus to Plead, preſume;
When, LORD, did we thy many Suff'rings ſee,
And did not Pity, Help, and Succour Thee:
To them, our mighty Judge ſhall thus Reply,
To theſe, my Brethren, you did deny
The juſt Relief, their various Wants requir'd,
Blaſted their Hopes, and from their Pray'rs retir'd;

And what to them you did, was done to me,
And no Excuſe, from Guilt, can ſet you free:
But you kind Comforters in my Diſtreſs,
Whoſe Actions did true Sympathy expreſs;
When Hungry, Thirſty, Sick, in Priſon lay'd,
Naked, and Stranger, brought me timely Aid;
Your Charities ſhall with my Suff'rings joyn,
With me, in Realms of Glory, you ſhall ſhine:
The Pious, then ſhall Anſwer thus again,
When theſe Afflictions, LORD, did you ſuſtain;
To Thee, when did we timely Succour give,
In thy Diſtreſs, and all thy Wants relieve:
To them their Saviour Judge, ſhall ſmileing ſay,
To theſe, my Brethren, you did diſplay;
In Charitable Acts, Duty, and Love,
All which, as done to me, I now approve.
Then the ALMIGHTY'S SON, Judge of Mankind,
The Puniſhments, and great Rewards, aſſign'd
To Good or Bad, ſhall finally Decree;
Theſe who on Earth, were conſtant Foes to me,

Who to their Fellow-Creatures did refuſe,
Timely Relief, and did their Wealth abuſe;
With *Lucifer*, and his accurſed Train,
For ever dwell, and bear eternal Pain.
But you, my Brethren, Friends, and Servants, ſhare
The Glories which my Father did prepare
From the firſt date of Time, for thoſe who prove,
By Charitable Acts, Cœleſtial Love;
With Me, to the bright Realms of Bliſs aſcend,
On the Almighty Triune, GOD attend;
And Joy and Glory ſhare, ſhall never End.

FINIS.